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'Behold the Man.'

Jerusalem is truly a city of sorrowful memories. In whatever direction the enquiring traveller turns, he is confronted with some reminder of the long-vanished past, that tells him of dark tragedy, or else of joy that turned to bitter grief. Not a hill or valley around Zion, not a street or corner of the city itself, is without its gloomy history. These memories seem to come in troops upon the traveller, as he threads the devious windings of the narrow dingy thoroughfares. Memories of

ancient wars and warriors, of conquering Roman and Saracen, of brave Templar and gallant Crusader, of Maccabbean prowess and of Israelitish glory and magnificence. There are memories, too, of cruel kings and a malign priesthood, of armed men-slayers, who went about watering the city pavements with the blood of their victims, and, above all rises the face of one who 'suffered as no man suffered,'—Jesus the Innocent. Next Calvary and Gethsemane, one of the most mournful reminders of the cruelties he endured at the hands of a rabble inflamed by the fiercest of all passions —religious hatred—is the place shown in the illustration. Tradition declares that it was under this arch that the Saviour was scourged by the soldiers and abused and vilified by the mob, who were hounded on by the priests, and that it was on the narrow parapet about the arch that Jesus was led out and shown to the people by Pilate with the memorable words: 'Behold the Man' (John xix., 5). It is exceedingly probable that the event the Evangelist describes took place in such prominent position, where it could be witnessed by the multitude.

Looking at the picture, one can conjure up the scene anew. The scourging had ended and Pilate was about to formally deliver Jesus to a military officer who was authorized to conduct him to the place of crucifixion. Half-clad, bleeding, with painful, labored steps and sorrowful mien, yet with the divine glory reflected in his face, the Saviour of the world was exposed to the derision and contumely of the dense crowd that packed the narrow street. Pilate was but half-hearted: he lacked the courage to do what his conscience prompted, and save the victim, and he was impelled to give assent to the condemnation of the innocent to appease the people and the priests, and because the Jews had intimidated him by threatening to accuse him to Tiberius. In his heart he felt convinced of the innocence of the accused, and this conviction was deepened by the human urgings of Procla, his wife, who had been divinely warned in a dream. 'Behold,' he said, as he stood beside the scarred and bleeding Jesus, facing the multitude, 'I have brought him out to you again, that you may know once more that I have found no fault in him. Behold the man.'

The Governor, however, was not a match for the crafty priests, who had sworn that Jesus should die, and Pilate giving up the struggle at last, solaced himself with the reflection that, after all, it was the Jews themselves who demanded the sacrifice. He therefore returned to his palace, while the Saviour of the World was led by the Via Dolorosa ('Way of Sorrow') to the Damascus gate and death on Calvary.

'The 'Ecce Homo Arch' springs from a solitary built tower on the eastern side of the Government buildings, which form the present fortress and arsenal of Jerusalem. It is generally believed to occupy the site of the 'palace' spoken of by Nehemiah the prophet. So greatly changed is the Jerusalem of to-day from the city of the Saviour's day, that even the lines of the ancient streets have largely disappeared and can be traced only by excavating through deep beds of rubbish. In the general demolition by the Romans, the prominent buildings were included. It is believed that the arch now known as the 'Ecce Homo Arch' is really of the time of Hadrian, and that the original structure must have been a triple arch, the largest being in the centre. Only this central arch is now standing, and not altogether intact, a portion of it being built into the Church of the Sisters of Zion, on the right. Before reaching this arch the pilgrim along the Via Dolorosa passes the traditional spots where Simon of Cyrene took up the cross, where Jesus fell under the burden, where Lazarus of Bethany dwelt after being raised from the dead, and where Dives, the typical rich man of the Scriptures, dwelt. That which was formerly the site of Pilate's judgment hall is now occupied by the official residence of the Pasha of Jerusalem, at the Turkish Barracks. It is said to be identical with the old tower of Antonia, although the building is comparatively modern. The whole city was rebuilt after the Romans demolished it, the old stones being largely used in the construction.

In the season of pilgrimages, and particularly when the city is crowded by devotees from all parts of the world, gathered by the Easter festival, the Via Dolorosa is visited by the multitudes, who reverently tread its winding passages from the Judgment Hall to a point opposite the traditional site of Calvary. These pilgrims present a remarkable picture as they pause to view the points which tradition associates with that last earthly journey of Jesus the Innocent.—'Christian Herald.'

Queen Victoria's Conversion Leads a French Widow to Christ.

(The 'Christian Herald.')

Mr. W. J. Lockie, the Secretary of the Paris City Mission, relates the following: Whilst resident in Paris, attending Divine service held in the Eglise Evangélique, 48 Rue de Lille, I remarked one of the worshippers, a French lady, who came every Sunday to the services. As the result of a few conversations, she expressed a wish to obtain a Bible, which was procured for her. A few Sundays afterwards she came dressed in deep mourning. I saw her weeping during Divine service, At the close I went up to her and asked her what had happened to cause her such grief. She replied, 'Oh, monsieur, I have lost my dear husband; he is burning in the flames of purgatory.' I consoled her by the assurance that there was no such place as purgatory mentioned in the Holy Scripture, but only two places—heaven and hell. She said, 'But the priests have taught me that I must have masses said for the release of souls out of purgatory: how do you know that there is no such place?' I replied, 'By the testimony of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of his apostles; also by the sacred Scriptures.' I then showed her I. John i., 7, 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.' 'Remark that little word "all." Now, if all sin is forgiven, there remains none to be purged away by the fires of purgatory, as your priests tell you.' 'That is in the New Testament; but can you give me the same assurance from the Old Testament?' 'Certainly, madam; here it is—Psalm ciii., 3, 'Who forgiveth all thine iniquities'; and verse 12, 'As far as the east is from the west so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.' Now, madam, the east and west can never be brought together.' 'I never heard of this before; it is all new to me. But how do you disprove the existence of purgatory?' I then read the parable of Dives and Lazarus—Luke xvi., 19 to 31 verses—showing us that there are but heaven and hell, between which two places (verse 26) there is 'a great gulf fixed, so that they who would pass from hence to you, cannot; neither can they pass to us that would come from thence.' 'Now, madam, you see that souls cannot rise from hell to heaven, because of the great impassable gulf fixed by the Almighty. It also shows that prayers to a saint are of no avail when the soul is in hell.' 'I never knew this before,' said the lady; 'but what other proofs have you to give me?' 'Many, madam,' said I—'here is one: Luke xxiii., 42, 43: one of the thieves who was crucified by the side of our blessed Lord at first joined in reviling and taunting him (Matt. xxvii., 44; Mark xv., 32), but later on became penitent, and prayed, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Remark, madam, the "immediate" promise of our Lord, "Verily, I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Now, this converted thief had been a very wicked man, "a malefactor," justly condemned to death for his crimes by his own confession—he had no good works to plead; therefore, had there been a purgatory, the Lord would have said, 'My poor man, I will save you, but you must first go into purgatory to purify your sins, and when you have suffered for your crimes I will release you and take you to heaven." Instead of this, "instant" salvation. "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."' 'Well, that is indeed a striking proof, but are there any other instances of great sinners being saved without going to purgatory?' 'Yes, madam, many. The Apostle Paul, who called himself the chief of sinners, ought, when he died, to have gone to purgatory: but remark what he says, "Absent from the body, present with the Lord" (II. Cor. v., 8). Now, madam, if there were a purgatory, the apostle would have said thus: "Absent from the body, I shall go to purgatory, and when my sins are purged away I shall be present with the Lord"; but notice, there is "no interval"; instantaneously—no sooner "absent" than he is "with the Lord." Now let us look at Phil. i., 21, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Would you consider it "gain" to go to purgatory?' 'Oh, no, monsieur; for all the French ladies have a horror of death, because of the purgatory that follows. Oh. I am so glad! I am convinced there is no place of torment called purgatory mentioned in God's Holy Word.' On leaving, she accepted an illustrated paper called 'Ami de la Maison,' dated July, 1887, which contained an account of our late Queen's conversations with her husband on his deathbed, of which we give some extracts:

'The Princess Alice played on the piano for her father, during his illness, some of his favorite hymns, especially "Rock of Ages." Turning round to look at Prince Albert, she saw his eyes were closed and his hands joined as in prayer. "Dear papa, are you asleep?" "Oh, no," was the reply; "I have such sweet thoughts." To his doctor, Prince Albert said, "I shall not recover, but I have no fear; I am ready to die."'

'The Queen and the Prince had frequent conversations on the future life, immortality, heaven, our true Fatherland. He said, "What we shall be when we meet in heaven, we do not exactly know; but we shall recognize each other, and shall spend eternity together. Of this I am quite certain."'

'Feeling the approach of death, the Prince said to the Queen, "Gutes frauchen" (My good little wife), embracing her, and leaning his head on her shoulder. The Queen bent over him, saying, "Es ist kleines frauchen" (It is your little wife). The Prince gave her a look of inexpressible tenderness, inclined his head, and, without any suffering, slept in death.'

The Queen wrote these following beautiful sentiments as to her deepest sorrow:

'One day I shall be in paradise with thee—why, then, should I weep? We shall live together in the vast mansions of our heavenly Father. Thy absence is now painful, it is true, but I would not, if I could, desire that thou shouldest still wander on the earth with me—even if it were possible for me to bring thee from above, from thy heavenly abode of celestial delights to this poor earth, I would not do it; for thou hast fought the battle of life, thou hast gained the victory. I shall go to thee, but thou wilt not come back to me. I know the way which will lead me to thee infallibly. It is the way which leads to God himself. Sin is the only thing which can separate me from God and from thee. My sorrow at thy death was great, but great is now the joy of my soul. Blessed, happy spirit! thou art always my well-beloved, and thou drawest me to a better world—for the love of souls binds heaven and earth together. Many dear to my heart are with God. What heavenly joy is this thought!

'O my Father, who art in heaven, my Father, and also the Father of all the elect souls which belong to me—as I lifted my hands to thee in the cruel hour of separation, as I implored thee in the agony of my sorrow, crying unto thee with a supplicating voice, "Oh, spare to me my well-beloved"; so now to-day I lift my hands to thee, crying out in a transport of joy, "Thanks, praise to thee, O God, for having taken to thyself the one who was so dear to me." It is true his death has deeply affected my entire being, but I feel it has brought me nearer to thee. I am now more weaned from earth and all its pleasures—never shall I seek worldly good with immoderate desires—between myself and eternity there has been formed a new tie which will never be broken—hereafter I do not live on the earth only; I live in heaven—with thee, O God, and with the well-beloved whom thou gavest to me, and whom thou hast taken away.

'There was a time when the thought of death and of the cold tomb horrified me, and made me shudder. Then this world was heaven to me, and thy heaven, O God, was but a holy desert, in which I should wander as a stranger, whom no one knew and no one loved. I feared death, and I dreaded the future.

'But now it is the object of all my desire and of all my aspirations—it is my harbor of salvation, my Fatherland, my refuge, the abode where rests all I hold most precious. There are the friends of my heart and of my life, and in the happiest moments of my life I am surrounded by the loved ones who remain on the earth. I take pleasure in the thought that I shall be far happier in heaven. When darkness descends on the world, I say to myself, "Beyond this earth all will shine with an everlasting light that no cloud shall ever darken."

'With thy aid, O my Father, I will seek to keep thy commands—to live a life of love and devotion to my fellow-creatures, so as to enjoy thy love in the future life. Help me, O Lord Jesus, thou light of my soul.—Amen.'

'The effect of reading the experience of our Queen was such that under the Divine blessing this French widow was savingly converted to God, gave her heart to Jesus, applied for church-membership at the Rue de Lille, was admitted, and I had the joy of seeing her baptized, and sitting down at the Lord's table.

'The week after she had received the "Ami de la Maison," I remember how happy she appeared to be; and when the service was ended she ran to my seat, took both my hands in hers, and said, "Oh, monsieur, I am so happy! I have done like your Queen; I have believed in the Lord Jesus, and he has pardoned all my sins. I have no fear of purgatory now."'

Sample Copies.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Dora's Vacation.

(By Cousin Kate.)

(Written Specially for the 'Messenger.')

Commencement was over in the great college at London, and the students were fast scattering to their homes. Presently a deep hush would fall on the western part of the city, in which the faculty and students played so important a part; and as for the college buildings, they would stand big, bare and barn-like, with the air of a deserted village, until September's tocsin should again rally their bright host of young people.

In the evening of the second day after commencement a small group were sitting on the grass, under the old oak tree in the far corner of the campus. Each was earnestly discussing her plans for vacation. Ethel Brown and Nora Day were the daughters of 'well-to-do' merchants, and were going to have a month at the seaside. Jessie Harwood was going to spend all of her vacation with her grandparents in the country, and Mabel Simpson had joyously told of the long-promised visit to her aunt's in a far western city. For a moment all were silent; they seemed to be waiting the answer of a brown-cheeked girl, who sat in the centre of the group, but as yet had not joined in the conversation.

'Come, Dora,' cried Ethel, 'you have not spoken a word yet; now, do tell us your plans, you always have something far more sensible than any of us.'

'Yes, girls,' began Dora; 'I have a plan that will cover all my holidays; to you it would seem as nothing, but to me the fulfilment of this plan will be unspeakable happiness. I cannot unfold to you my intentions, so you must be content with the information that I am going, in the morning, to my home in Brookdale, there to remain until college opens again.'

As Dora finished speaking, she cast a timid glance at each of her companions, then arose and, without a word, crossed the campus and straight on to her own room, for she wished to avoid any questioning upon the subject. She was a tall, slim girl of nineteen summers, with a pleasant face, dark blue eyes, and a mass of jet black hair that hung in tiny curls about her forehead. Her home was some fifty miles from the city, and she had decided to take the train the following morning and give the home folks a little surprise. As she finished the preparations for her journey, she sat down at the window to collect her wandering thoughts. Her conscience said she ought to have told the girls that she had become a Christian, that she loved her Saviour and meant to serve him always, and that it was her plan to carry that glorious treasure to her parents who had it not. Dora was not a coward, she was not ashamed of the name she had taken; but, like many others who are young in the faith, she had held back for fear of 'what the girls would think of her.'

In the old white farm-house under the shadow of an overhanging hill near Brookdale, the McBerney family were seated at dinner. The table was of the plainest. No silver or elegant china embellished it, the cloth was coarse and the two-tined forks were old and bent.

The father of the household, an old man with a stern face and patriarchal beard, sat at the head of the table; the mother, in a coarse blue calico dress, sat at the opposite end, and poured the tea; while four small children, barefooted and plainly clad, ate with little attention to decorum. In fact, except when Dora was at home, nobody cared how they ate or paid attention to their deportment; the father insisting scrupulously on obedience and truth, two cardinal points in home-training, but caring nothing for what he considered show or airs. Dora's superfine ways, since she had been at college (to which the legacy of an aunt enabled her to go) were distasteful to her plain old father, and as for her mother, who was illiterate, they were the occasion of resentful comment and censure.

'She's plum spiled, Jonathan,' the old lady would say to her husband. 'I wish she had never seen Martha's money. She'll never amount to nothin'.'

'Probably she'll go away and teach,' the old man had said. 'Dora's a very good girl, but I don't like her ways any more'n you do. Just box any of the others if you see them imitatin' her after she comes home this time, or jist send 'em to me and I'll fix 'em. Plain, straightforward children are all I want, Jane.'

The meal was almost finished, when a step on the walk caused everyone to pause. In a moment the door was opened and Dora walked in. She tripped joyfully to her mother's side, and wound her arms about her neck in a loving embrace. A look of shame passed over the old man's face when the cool, rosy lips of his daughter were pressed against his cheek, for he thought of the unkind remarks that had just been passed about her fine airs. The children drew back as their sister printed a kiss on each little tanned forehead, and soon after left the house.

After each plate and cup were set in their places and the kitchen put in order, Mrs. McBerney sat down beside her mending basket and Dora went to her own room under the eaves to unpack her trunk and to seek help from her newly-found friend for her coming trial.

From her window she could see her father toiling in the corn-field; she noticed, too, how bent his shoulders and how careworn he was getting. She was very fond of her stern old father. Since leaving the house at noon, Mr. McBerney's thoughts had been continually of Dora; try as he would, he could not get her from his mind, and it troubled him. He thought how different she seemed since her last visit; he remembered, too, the gentle embrace and loving kiss and the sweet way with which she had said, 'How are you, father?' He could not understand it all.

Just at dusk the old man entered the house for the night. He walked straight through the shed and into the kitchen where his wife sat rocking by the window. She pulled a chair close to her own, saying, as she did so:

'Sit down here, Jonathan, the breeze is nice and cool, and you look tired.' After a brief silence, she continued, 'I was just a-wonderin' what had come over our Dora; she's got some secret or other, her eyes are plum full of it. I wonder——'

'There is sunshine in my soul to-day,
More glorious and bright
Than any earthly sunshine ray,
For Jesus is the light.'

The words came clear and sweet through the open window from the garden.

'Do you 'spose, Janie, that that girl has got some of that religion into her head; and I wonder if she'll be a-scoldin' because we ain't Christians and don't have Bible reading every night like Stillwell's and Jones's and all 'em folks?'

Just at this moment the boys entered, and were on their way to the stairs when Dora met them, holding in her hand a small testament and hymn book.

'Come, boys, don't go to bed just yet; sit down and let us sing something for father and mother first; here is the hymn Miss Benson taught you last summer while she was at Stillwell's.' While singing, Dora noticed what a fine voice Harry (the oldest boy) possessed, and how Jack and Tom seemed to have lost all their shyness and were singing with all their very might.

The singing ended, Dora laid down the hymn book and picked up her Bible. All eyes were at once fixed upon her, but every lip was sealed, and they waited in breathless silence. This was a trying moment for poor Dora. She remembered how hard she thought it had been to confess her Saviour before the great crowd in the city church; but to-night she found it still harder to confess him in her home, where his name was seldom, if ever, heard; but she was a brave girl, and banished all fear from her heart, and turning towards her parents, she said: 'Dear parents, I have become a Christian. I have found the Saviour, and now I ask you please to let me read in your presence a small portion of his Word each night while I am with you.' After a moment's pause, she opened her Bible at the second chapter of Hebrews. She began in a clear, strong voice, that showed no trace of emotion, and read the chapter through.

After it was finished, the boys hurried off to their beds; but the parents did not stir or speak; they seemed to be too deeply moved for words. Dora perceived this, and thinking they were best alone, took a lamp from the shelf, and with a cheery "Good- night,' left the room.

Long after the usual hour, the light burned on the table while the old people still sat the window.

'I think, Janie, that we've been two hard on poor Dora; there must be sumthin' in her religion after all, or she wouldn't be doin' what she has this evenin'.'

'Well, we'll see, Jonathan, how she hangs on, for it's my opinion that she'll be dropping it purty soon; but, come, we must be goin' to bed, for it's getting late.'

She arose, and after lowering the window and fastening the doors, she joined her husband on the stair on the way to their room.

* * * * * * *

Vacation is almost over, and Dora is preparing for her return to college. She has been faithful in the services at the family altar, which she enriched in her Saviour's name, and ere she leaves her

heart is gladdened as she sees her parents confess the Saviour as Lord of all, and join themselves to his people.

Queer Nesting Places.

(George Bancroft Griffiths.)

A friend of mine, Mr. Lucius F. Bills, of Amherst, N.H., has a hen which goes up a tree, limb by limb, forty feet daily, to lay. Her nest is where a limb is broken off, which is so shaped as to hold the eggs. She will probably set there and it is no little mystery how she will manage to get her brood of chickens down to terra firma.

A robin had built its nest on one of the string-pieces of the judges' stand at Bethlehem, Penn. The young birds were nearly ready to fly when the judges took possession of the stand for the spring meeting. The mother bird was terribly distressed. She sat all the long afternoon on the top of a neighboring tree and set forth at intervals a plaintive note. The starting judge, a man of kindly impulses, determined that the brood should not die, and so set a boy to work digging worms. The birds were fed regularly, and when the meeting closed they were in good condition, fat, rugged and saucy.

In South Africa is a bird that builds its nest in the cotton trees, and of their white fibre. The nest has two cunning little openings like the fingers of gloves. In one the male bird sleeps at night, and in the other the female lays her eggs. The nest is suspended from the tree by a few bits of cotton fibre, and the openings are inclined downwards so that no rain can ever enter. It is said to be a perfect marvel of delicate workmanship.

One day two wrens entered an old bachelor's Texan cottage, and began exploring it, evidently intending to build a nest there. They peeped into every corner, and finally went away, with the air of would-be tenants who say 'they will look elsewhere;' but in half an hour they returned, and the inmate of the cottage, wishing to furnish them with a residence all their own, hung an old coffee-pot on a tree near the door, tying it securely, that the wind might not shake it.

The wrens presently discovered it, entered, and were apparently delighted. It was apparently just the sort of a house for which they had been looking.

The next day its furnishing was quite finished. They had lined it with bits of feathers, shreds of wool and downy vegetable growths, and it was soft as velvet. Then, one egg appeared, and then another, and the little dame began sitting, while her husband, perched on a branch above the coffee-pot, poured forth song after song, flying away at intervals to bring her a fat worm.

When the little ones came, both father and mother began to feed them. They usually started from the nest together, but seldom returned at the same time.

If the little man came first, he soon grew impatient, and after delivering his offering, would begin calling her, loudly and musically.

'I can forgive, but I cannot forget,' is only another way of saying, 'I will not forgive.' A forgiveness ought to be like a cancelled note, torn in two and burned up, so that it never can be shown against the man. There is an ugly kind of forgiveness in this world—a kind of hedgehog, shot out like quills.

What Two Boys Learned in the Woods.

(G. E. W., in 'Our Dumb Animals.')

It was a beautiful day in June when they went down to the country for a day's outing. It was before the summer vacation, but Mrs. Cottier had to attend to some repairing on their summer home, and she took the two boys with her.

'What a lark we'll have in the woods!' Wilson said.

'The birds will be building their nests, and maybe we can find a young squirrel or rabbit. Hurrah! we'll bring back one pet at least.'

When they arrived at the house, there was a little fellow dressed in overalls and a slouch hat ready to greet them.

'Hello, Jimmie! We've got a day off, and we're going to explore the woods. Know any birds' nests or squirrels' holes 'round here?'

Jimmie nodded his head. He was their country playmate every summer, and the boy was as glad to see the two visitors as they were to get out into the country.

'All right, then. Come ahead! We want to tramp all day in the woods. Which way first?'

'Up by the cedars, and then 'round by the lake,' replied Jimmie.

In a few minutes the three boys were plunging deep into the woods, and under the leadership of their little country friend, they headed straight for the cedars. When they arrived there, Jimmie explained:—

'There's a squirrel's nest up that tree, with three little ones in it. If you want to see 'em, climb up.'

'Indeed we do!' shouted both city boys.

In a few minutes they were gazing at the tiny little squirrels, which were almost too young to resent their handling. Near by stood the parent squirrel, chattering vigorously at the intruders.

'Lend me your hat, Jimmie, so we can bring them down,' called Wilson.

'What are you going to do with them?' asked the country lad.

'Take them home with us, of course. We want to raise them as pets.'

'They wouldn't live. I tried some one year, and they all died, and—and it's cruel to take them away from their mother.'

The two boys up the tree hesitated, and Stanton, the youngest, said, in a disappointed voice:—

'I don't see why they wouldn't live. I know dealers in the city who have them to sell.'

'But they know more 'bout bringing 'em up than we do,' answered little Jimmie. 'I know they'll die if you take 'em, and it's cruel to do it. Leave the poor things in their nest, and they will grow up all right, and you'll be glad of it next year.'

Reluctantly the two boys returned to the ground, but they soon lost their disappointment in new discoveries.

'See here!' cried Jimmie. 'Here's a toad and its whole family under this rock.'

He moved aside the rock and out hopped a dozen toads no larger than big bugs, while the mother toad looked silently and solemnly at the intruders.

'I hate toads,' said Wilson. 'They make you stub your toe, you know, and they give you warts.'

He gave the old toad a contemptuous push with his foot as he spoke, whereupon Jimmie remonstrated:—

'They don't give you warts, and they don't make you stub your toe, but they do eat up the bugs and worms that come on our crops of cabbages and turnips. Don't hurt them. I wouldn't have shown you their den if I'd thought you would.'

'First time I ever knew toads were any good in the world,' said the boys skeptically.

'Well, they are, and we won't hurt them. I expect they'll eat hundreds of worms and bugs before summer is over.'

'I believe you will be telling me, pretty soon, that snakes are good for something,' said Stanton.

'Some snakes are good snakes, and some aren't,' replied Jimmie, slowly. 'There aren't no poisonous snakes 'round here, and so we don't have to kill any. There are only black snakes and ground snakes, and they don't do any harm, except to frighten little boys and girls sometimes.'

'Then you wouldn't kill one if you saw it!' exclaimed Wilson in surprise.

'No, I wouldn't—not unless it hurt me.'

They tramped through the woods from the cedars down to the lakes. In this long walk Jimmie showed them innumerable nests of birds and animals, pointing them out with a familiarity that indicated close intimacy with every nook and corner of the woods. He knew the names of all the birds, could describe their plumage with his eyes shut, and tell the city boys the color of the eggs they would find in the nests. He let the boys climb up to the nests and look in at the eggs, and then, when they came down again, he would tell them all about the birds and their queer ways.

'But you mustn't touch the eggs,' he always cautioned. 'Some birds are so particular that they will leave a nest after somebody has touched the eggs. They seem to think that their home will be robbed, and that it's no use to sit on the eggs any more. Then they go away and build a new nest. I never touch them, and I don't think the birds mind my coming and looking in at their home.'

Indeed, the birds seemed to resent the appearance of the three boys in the woods far less than either Wilson or Stanton expected. Once or twice they remarked on this, and Jimmie finally said:—

'There are no boys 'round here that ever rob their nests, and they don't know what fear is. I guess they all think these woods are made for them, and they breed here every summer. Last June I found two hundred different nests, and they all had young ones in. Sometimes, after heavy storms, the birds are knocked out of their nests and killed, but that's the only danger they have here. I suppose that's why they are so tame.'

It was late in the afternoon when the trio of hunters reached the house, and as they prepared to separate for the night, Wilson said heartily—

'I say, Jimmie, I'm glad we came down to-day and found you. I never knew so much about birds and animals before in all my life. I think I'll remember what you've told me, and I won't be so hard on the little creatures hereafter. I guess I won't even stone toads and kill snakes if they don't hurt me.'

The Story of a Picture

(Mary F. Butts, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Maud Eldredge was suffering from a discontented spell. She was rather prone to such attacks, I am sorry to say, and while they lasted the entire household felt their effects. When Maud was sunshiny, everybody was glad, but her clouds were very black indeed.

Maud was not one of the poor of the earth who must struggle, and work and contrive to get food and clothes. She was the only child of a rich man, and the centre of a group of loving, admiring friends. You will say at once:

'Of course she was spoiled, and that was the cause of her discontent.'

'Well, perhaps you are right. Having too much is the cause of a great deal of trouble in this world; therefore, you, my young friend, who are obliged to use your body and your mind and your time for useful ends, should be grateful for that very necessity.'

'I really don't know what to do with myself,' said my heroine on a certain morning in May. 'I am tired of everything.'

'Set yourself about some work,' said her mother. 'Read, or practice, or sketch. It is enough to make anybody miserable to dawdle about as you have all this beautiful morning.'

'I am sick of reading,' was the reply, accompanied by a yawn. 'O dear! I wish somebody would invent something new to do.'

At that moment a slim, airy figure came tripping along the sidewalk. 'O! there is Grace Wentworth,' exclaimed Maud. 'I didn't know she had come home. How glad I am!'

She sprang to the door to meet her friend, all her lassitude gone. Mrs. Eldredge gave a sigh of relief, as she heard the gay chatter of the girls through the half-drawn folds of the portiere.

'O mamma, we are going down to Ritter's to see some new pictures,' announced Maud presently, returning to the little sitting-room.

'Here is Grace, mamma.' Mrs. Eldredge welcomed the young girl heartily.

'I am very glad you are back again,' she said. 'Maud is at the very end of her resources for killing time.'

'Now, don't look so shocked, dearie,' said Maud. 'You know I am not like you, always finding somebody to help, dirty invalids to clean up, and ragged children to clothe. I am sorry that I have such a dislike to squalor; but that is the way I was made.'

Grace did not reply even by a disapproving look. She glanced at her little gold watch and murmured something about an engagement directly after lunch.

'I know you never have a moment's time to spare, so we must be off,' said Maud, with a little grimace. The girls ran gaily down the long flight of granite steps, and pressing close to each other in eager talk went on their way to the famous picture gallery.

In a cross street, not very far from the thoroughfare along which Maud and Grace were walking, stood a lone cottage. A maple tree opposite was already brave in scarlet bloom; a bed of daffodils in the little front yard glowed in the bright sunshine. There were simple draperies at the windows, spotlessly white, and the panes glistened with cleanliness.

Inside the small sitting-room a mother and daughter sat. In their circumstances they formed a marked contrast to Mrs. Eldredge and Maud.

Looking at Violet Deland, as she reclined on an old-fashioned sofa, drawn up to command the open window, you would not imagine that she was different from other girls. She wore a crimson house jacket trimmed with lace, the vivid color setting off her dark, curling hair, and her expressive black eyes.

'Are you warm enough, dear?' asked her mother, going to the sofa, and arranging some wraps more closely about the girl. 'O yes, I'm very comfortable. Don't worry about me, mamsey.'

'I though the fire might go out for a little while the sun shines so brightly,' said Mrs. Deland. 'But if you should take cold, I——'

'I shall not take cold,' interrupted Violet, brightly. 'I am determined not to take cold. I am living outside of myself these lovely May days. The maple and the daffodils give me such beautiful, helpful thoughts. And then, there is the sky, always changing, changing, changing!'

'It is a great blessing that you are so cheerful,' said the mother. 'I don't know what I should do if you were one of the discontented kind.'

'You musn't praise me too much,' said Violet. 'I don't forget the time when I was one of the discontented kind. But O mamma,' since I told my Father in heaven all about my disappointment and my anger, and my rebellion, and put my life into his hands, and learned to forget my own will in his blessed will, I have been so happy! Why, mother, dear, I believe I'm happier than the girls who can walk.'

Tears sprang to the mother's eyes; tears of gratitude they were, that this sweet daughter had found the true rest, the true solace in the very depths of a great trial. Violet was usually reticent about her heart experiences. She had just now spoken more freely than ever before. The weight of care that Mrs. Deland daily bore, seemed strangely lifted. Paul's beautiful saying came drifting into her mind: 'In him we live and move and have our being.'

By putting aside her own will and 'living and moving' in the divine will, Violet had found her true life.

We can never be happy until we enjoy freedom and harmony of function; and only as we live in accordance with God's laws, spiritual as well as physical, can we be free and harmonious.

Maud and Grace sauntered about among the pictures at Ritter's, looking now at a lovely landscape, now at a quaint foreign interior, now at a Venetian palace with its marble steps leading to the Grand Canal, and its gondola, gay with cushions and awnings.

'Oh!' exclaimed Grace, suddenly, 'How lovely! I wish I could give that picture to Violet Deland.'

'Isn't it exquisite?' said Maud; 'the sweetest flower-piece that I ever saw.'

The girls seated themselves before the picture that they had given their hearts to, and talked about it, girl fashion. It was a basket of wild violets, so perfectly drawn and colored that it seemed as if they must have been just gathered from a New England pasture.

'O I must have them! I must have them!' said Maud. 'Uncle Robert shall buy them for my birthday present. He told me the other day that he was at his wit's end about presents for me, because you see, I have everything that a reasonable girl can ask for. But I must have those violets, Grace.'

Grace's enthusiasm fell off a little. She loved Maud, and did not like to have her friend prove herself selfish.

'You have never met Violet Deland, have you, Maud?' she said presently. 'I want you to know her. She is the sweetest little preacher that you ever saw.'

'Preacher?'

'Yes. You can't be with her half an hour without longing to be as loving, and true, and generous as she is. I believe she has found out the secret of happiness.'

'O,' said Maud with a little gesture of scorn, 'I don't like your perfect people. Well, we've seen everything, haven't we. It has been a great pleasure. Pity that it is soon over. This is just the trouble with life, Grace; pleasures last such a little while, then one must be at the pains of hunting up a new one.'

Grace had an answer on the tip of her tongue, but she didn't like 'to preach' except by inference and example. One thing she longed for ardently—to interest Maud Eldredge in Violet Deland. If only Maud would let herself love Violet how much she might do for her, and how much she might learn from her! The girls had left the pictures and were in the street again.

Presently they came to a flower store.

'Let's go in,' said Grace. 'I must have a bunch of violets.'

'And I some lilies of the valley,' replied Maud.

'Now,' said Grace, after the purchases were made, 'Will you go around by Cross street with me?I wish to take these flowers to "my" Violet.' Maud agreed to the proposal, feeling that it would be rather a bore. They had taken but a few steps further, however, when they met Grace's mother. She wished her daughter to go with her to do some shopping. So it happened, quite to Grace's liking, that Maud undertook to deliver the violets by herself.

When she rang at the cottage door, a soft voice called: 'Come in.'

She entered and made known her errand.

Violet took the flowers with rapturous expressions.

'Please sit down,' she said, 'I shall be so glad to have you talk to me for a little while. You know I depend upon my friends for reports from out of doors. I never go out.'

'Never go out! What do you mean, Miss Deland?'

'Hasn't Grace told you that I can't take a step except upon crutches?'

'No, indeed.'

'I can walk, but very little even by the help of crutches.' The young girl's smile was radiant as she said this.

'But,' she added, 'I have so much to make me happy!'

She kissed the violets over and over.

'They are my name-flowers,' she said. 'I feel as if God made them on purpose for me. How he must love beautiful things! The dear Father of our spirits.' She looked into Maud's face as if for sympathy in her enthusiasm. But Maud's eyes fell. She could not appreciate the love that flow-

ed toward God as to a tender friend and companion. Yet she was powerfully affected by Violet's personality. She looked around the room. The furniture was cheap, the walls were bare. She remembered Grace's words: 'I wish I could give that picture to Violet Deland.' What would it be for the crippled girl to have that picture to look at day after day! Maud went home, absorbed, thoughtful. She had a new point of view. She had never realized before the great inequalities of life. 'Why should I have so much and she so little?' she asked herself.

Then the answer came:

'It must be that God means for his children to share with each other.'

And now an altogether new sensation filled the girl-heart with a strange happiness. It was as if a little rill of pure, sparkling water burst out of a desert place at the very feet of a thirsty man. Is not love the true water of life? Maud had taken a new resolution. 'I will ask Uncle Robert to buy the picture for Violet,' she decided. 'That will please the dear "bear of an Uncle" as he calls himself. I know that he thinks his little niece is a selfish girl, and his dearest wish is that she should grow to be self-sacrificing.'

'Uncle Robert' was very glad to help Maud carry out the beautiful generous plan. When the picture had been bought, Maud and Grace plotted with Mrs. Deland to hang it in the little parlor where Violet sat all day, as a great surprise to the dear invalid. So Maud came one sweet June day with a low, easy carriage and carried Violet out into the country for a ride among the daisied fields. When they returned Grace came running out to meet them.

'O! how delightful to find you here, Miss Wentworth,' exclaimed Violet. 'So many pleasures in one day are almost too much.' Grace and Maud exchanged glances.

'There is another pleasure awaiting you, dear,' said Grace—'the greatest one of all. See!'

They were in the parlor now, and Violet was seated in an easy-chair directly before the lovely painting.

'It is yours,' said her mother, bending down to kiss her daughter's cheek. 'Miss Eldredge brought it to you.'

'And by so doing gave myself more pleasure than the picture can ever give to you,' said Maud, before Violet could master her surprise sufficiently to speak.

It is of no consequence what Violet said. It is enough to know that the picture was a constant inspiration and delight to her and that Maud learned through the new experience the blessedness of sharing and helping.

The self-indulgent girl had set her feet in a new path. It branched in so many directions that she had scant time thereafter for 'ennui' or discontent.

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A 'Special Providence.'

Miss Bolton was just stepping out of her front door to go to the Friday afternoon meeting of Sunday-school teachers. For the last hour she had been studying the lesson. It was the parable of the last judgment in the twenty-fifth chapter of the Gospel by Saint Matthew. The words of it were very familiar: 'I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in. . . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

As Miss Bolton reached the sidewalk a man touched his hat and accosted her: 'I beg pardon, miss, but have you any furniture you want rubbed up or repaired? I'm a cabinet-maker by trade, and I want a small job very bad. Could you give me one?'

Ordinarily Miss Bolton would have said, 'No,' and hurried on; but 'one of the least of these my brethren' was still ringing in her ears, and she said, 'I don't believe I have any work for you. Is there anything else I can do for you? How do you happen to be out of a job? You ought not to be begging for work.'

'No, ma'am, I know that. I never did before. I've been in the hospital four months with a broken ankle. I've got a job for next week, but I must have two dollars and a half before then—and I don't know where to turn for it.'

'Two dollars and a half? What are you going to do with the money?' Miss Bolton asked, rather sternly.

'My job is in W.,' the man replied. 'It costs a dollar to get there. Then,' he hesitated, and Miss Bolton thought she detected a flush of color over his bearded face, 'I'm 'most ashamed to tell you what the rest is for.'

'You ought not to want money for anything you're ashamed of!' said the girl.

'Oh, I'm not ashamed of it that way; but I don't know as I ought to tell a lady like you. Every shirt and collar I've got in the world is in the laundry, and I can't get 'em out without paying the cash. It don't seem as if I could go to W. without a clean shirt to my name.'

Here was a plea to touch the heart of a fastidious young woman. Miss Bolton smiled and blushed in spite of herself. Then she thought quickly for a few seconds. She had been well-trained in the methods of organized charity. 'Thou shalt not give money to beggars' was an imperative command to her.

Here was a man with the familiar marks of fraud. The story of the hospital, of the necessary railway fare, even of the laundry, were well-worn in the service of professional beggars. Undoubtedly the man was imposing on her, but that New Testament phrase forced its way against her modern principles. Now it was the negative sentence that repeated itself in her thought: 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.'

Before she knew it her purse was open and the money was in the hand of the man. He looked both surprised and embarrassed. 'I thank you, ma'am, more than I can say. I shall return this to you some day, sure!' Touching his hat again, he was gone.

A year went by, and Miss Bolton had managed to forget her 'ill-judged gift.' She would not have dreamed of telling her co-workers in the Associated Charities that she had broken their most important rule. But one day word was brought her that 'Mr. Fletcher' would like to see her on business. She went downstairs to meet an unfamiliar face. When the man spoke she recognized her 'beggar' of a year before. He was well-dressed now, shining in clean linen, and looked a different man from the pale, unshaven creature of the previous meeting.

'I don't suppose you remember me, Miss Bolton,' he said, 'but I shan't ever forget you. A year ago to-day you lent me two dollars and a half, and no man ever needed money worse. I've brought it back, and—I hope you won't object to taking—these, too,' and he produced some roses lovely enough to testify to the present prosperity of his pocketbook.

Yes, he was doing well; he had a steady job; he liked W.; he had a real homelike boarding-place; he hoped she was well—and again he bowed himself out.

That was eight years ago, and the anniversary of the loan has never come without a note or a call and some flowers from the 'beggar' of that Friday afternoon. He is married now, and there is a baby named for Miss Bolton.

She declares that there never was such a harvest of gratitude for so small a sowing of benefit. It would be hard to convince her that it was a mere chance that her Sunday-school lesson for that week was the parable of the sheep and the goats. She still believes in modern methods of charity, but she also declares that one must sometimes act on impulse, and that for her part she clings to an old-fashioned faith in 'special providences.'—'Youth's Companion.'

Before You are Fourteen.

The 'War Cry' names fourteen 'arts' which every girl can learn before she is fourteen years old. Look at them, and see if you don't think they are within your reach:

1. Shut the door, and shut it softly.
2. Keep your own room in tasteful order.
3. Have a set time for rising in the morning, and keep to it.
4. Learn to make bread as well as cakes.
5. Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.
6. Always know where your things are.
7. Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable and happy.
8. Never go about with your shoes unfastened.
9. Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand.
10. Never fidget or hum so as to disturb others.
11. Never help yourself at table before you pass the plate.
12. Be as patient with the little ones as you wish your mother to be with you.
13. Never keep anybody waiting, if you can help it.
14. Never fuss, or fret, or fidget.

The girl who has learned to keep all these rules may almost be called a 'mistress of arts,' and yet they are possible to all of us. These trifles help to make up life, 'and life is no trifle.'

Paul's Goat Team.

('The Congregationalist and Christian World.')

Paul Gophet went to bed nine years old, and when he awoke he was ten. But he wished he was not as old, when his three brothers gave him each ten slaps to begin the day with.

'Love pats don't hurt,' said his sister Sallie, and she gave him ten kisses to make up.

Mother and Father Gophet had always some nice surprise in store. Paul came right in the middle of the family, which was like a long flight of steps, from Tom, who was very proud of his neckties and downy upper lip, down to Baby

Bunting, whose one-act performance of putting his chubby toe into his mouth delighted the whole tribe, and convulsed them with laughter.

'Does any one know of a birthday?' asked Father Gophet, solemnly, at the breakfast table.

'I've got one!' cried Paul eagerly.

'Now that is strange,' said his father. 'There was something out in the barn for a boy with a birthday. Are you sure you are the one?'

Yes, Paul was sure, there was no other Gophet birthday in that month.

Off to the barn flew the whole lot, Tom's long legs leading the mob, while Sallie brought up the rear, with Baby Bunting's head bobbing over her shoulder.

That big old barn! There never was another such place! No cows or horses were there, or had been for years. It was as sweet and fragrant as could be, with its big mows chock-full of hay. There was a real floor for the second story, that lifted up in the middle, when the hay was put in, just like the draw to the bridge that spanned the broad river a mile away. There were real stairs leading to the upper story, not a ladder like those in the other barns in the neighborhood. Way up in the 'cock-loft' were Tom's pigeons, and the pretty 'pouters' and 'fantails' were so tame that the children could catch them and hold and pet them to their heart's content.

Down in the basement were guinea pigs, rabbits and cages of white mice, besides toads and other reptiles and cats—cats everywhere, of all sizes and colors. For the Gophets were all enthusiastic lovers of any and every living thing.

In the stalls were four goats. Lily was a snow-white African goat with long black horns. Nannie was a common gray goat, with a wonderful appetite for all sorts of indigestible things, from the children's dresses to nails and old tin cans. But the prettiest sight of all was the twins, Lily's kids, Jettie and Gypsy, who belonged to Paul. They were so exactly alike that no one but he could tell them apart. They were black and white, and spotted beautifully.

But we shall never get to the birthday surprise if we try to describe all the barn pets, so I will tell you now what it was. There in the middle of the floor stood Jettie and Gypsy harnessed to the prettiest little waggon! The goats tossed their heads, and rattled their shining harness as if they were proud enough of it all. The old barn rang with the shouts of delight and surprise, as the tribe crowded around the little turn-out. But Paul still stood in the doorway, staring with eyes and mouth wide open, but never uttering a sound.

'Go see your birthday present,' said Sallie, giving him a little push.

'Is that mine?' gasped Paul, drawing a long breath.

'Read the placard,' said Sallie, pointing to a big card that was fastened on the harness. And Paul read, 'For little old Faithful.'

'Is that me?' he gasped again.

'Who else can it be?' asked Sallie. 'Who gets the kindlings every night? Who runs the errands, when all the rest shirk out? Who does all the chores, when the other boys play hooky?'

'And who cuts wood for poor Ma'am Gallop?' cried Tom.

'Who digs out the paths for her when the snow comes?'

'And who always gives up the biggest piece, and gives me the biggest bite of his apple?' chimed in little Claire, whose heart lay very near her mouth.

Paul's joy was unbounded when he at last realized that the whole outfit was his own. He had trained the goats to work in harness from the time they were tiny kids; though his harness was made from bits of string, and his waggon from a soap box, ingeniously combined with the wheels of a cast-off baby carriage. But this harness was a 'sure enough' one, of shining red leather, all studded with brass. And this waggon was a minature express, strongly made, and gay with bright paint. Was there ever such a lucky boy!

'O, my—O my!' screamed Paul, his blue eyes shining with delight. 'It's—it's—it's just—goluptious!' and that to Paul expressed the height of appreciation.

Paul never was happy unless he could share his pleasures, so Elsie and little Claire were politely assisted into the back seat of the waggon, and Teddy and Paul took the front, and off they went for a ride.

Paul's goat team became a feature in Goshen, the town where the Gophets lived, and a pretty picture it made with its load of happy young faces. Paul had other uses for it, however, and many an errand he went on for his parents or the neighbors. He made a 'heater,' or snowplough, and with his goats attached, he cleared the paths for all the yards in the neighborhood. And wherever there was a lonely old lady, Master Paul could always be reckoned on, to clear paths, do errands, or bring wood with his team, and his bright, cherry face did the lonely old hearts as much good as did his ministrations.

Mamma's Long Journey.

(Free Press.)

When the doctor came downstairs from the sick-room of Mrs. Marshall, the whole family seemed to have arranged themselves in the hall to waylay him.

'How soon will mamma dit well?' asked little Clyde, the baby.

'Can mamma come downstairs next week?' asked Katy, the eldest daughter and the little housekeeper.

'Do you find my wife much better?' asked Mr. Marshall, eagerly. He was a tall, grave man, pale with anxiety and nights of watching.

The doctor did not smile; he did not even stop to answer their questions. 'I am in a great hurry," he said, as he took his hat. 'I must go to a patient who is dangerously ill. This evening I will call again. I have left instructions with the nurse.'

But the nurse's instructions were all concerning the comfort of the patient; she was professionally discreet and silent. The children playing on the stairs were told to make no noise. The gloomy day wore on, and the patient slept and was not disturbed. But that night, before they went to bed, the children were allowed to go in and kiss their mother good-night. This privilege had been denied them lately, and their little hearts responded with joy to the invitation. Mamma was better or she could not see them. The doctor had cured her. They would love him for it all their lives.

She was very pale but smiling, and her first words to them were: 'I am going on a journey!'

'A journey,' cried the children. 'Will you take us with you?'

'No; it is too long a journey.'

'Mamma is going to the South,' said Katy; 'the doctor has ordered her to. She will get well in the orange groves of Florida.'

'I am going to a far-distant country, more beautiful than the lovely South,' said the mother, faintly, 'and I shall not come back.'

'Are you going alone, mamma?' asked Katy.

'No,' said the mother, in a low, tremulous voice, 'I am not going alone. My Physician goes with me. Kiss me good-by, my dear ones, for in the morning before you are awake I shall be gone. You will come to me when you are made ready, but each must make the journey alone.'

In the morning she was gone. When the children awoke their father told them of the beautiful country at which she had safely arrived while they slept.

'How did she go? Who came for her?' they asked, with the tears streaming down their cheeks.

'A messenger from God,' their father said, solemnly.

People wonder at the peace and happiness expressed in the faces of these motherless children; when asked about their mother they say, 'She has gone on a journey,' and every night and morning they read in the book she loved of the land where she now lives, whose inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick, and where God Himself shall wipe all tears from their eyes.

Margie's Self-Denial.

Margie Oaks, a little friend of mine is a pretty, gentle, thoughtful child, and although she is jolly and merry as any of her playmates, she seems to have so much judgment and good common sense: I am sure you will be pleased to hear of how brave she was one day when she was injured in the street by a passing waggon.

Margie's mamma, at the time, was ill, and the doctor had said that any excitement or sudden shock might make her much worse; this made so great an impression upon little Margie that she took great pains to keep all unpleasant cares and worries to herself and not by any look or act give her sick mother uneasiness.

One morning Margie was sent out to play, and seeing a playmate across the street she ran over toward her, but a waggon driven very rapidly and carelessly suddenly turned the corner and before Margie could get out of the way the pole of the waggon had hit her and she fell to the ground. The driver knowing how careless he had been, whipped his horse into a run and was far down the street before aid came to little Margie. She was picked up and asked where she lived, and much as she desired the kisses and comfort which her mamma always gave to her, she knew that the shock of her own injury would make her mamma worse, so she bravely and thoughtfully said, 'My mamma would be frightened, so take me to our doctor's house,' giving the street and number. She was carried to his office, where the cuts and bruises were dressed. The good doctor went home with her and told her mamma that she ought to be very proud of her brave, self-denying little girl, and as he assured her that Margie was entirely out of danger mamma was not badly frightened or shocked. Margie was allowed to curl up on the big sofa in her mamma's room, and she was so cheerful and happy that mamma called her a 'little sunbeam in the sick room.'—'Christian at Work.'

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LESSON X.—SEPT. 6.

Death of Saul and Jonathan.

I. Samuel xxxi., 1-13.

Golden Text.

There is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death. Proverbs xiv., 12.

Home Readings.

Monday, Aug. 31.—I. Sam. xxxi., 1-13.
Tuesday, Sept. 1.—I. Chron. x., 1-14.
Wednesday, Sept. 2.—II. Sam. i., 1-16.
Thursday, Sept. 3.—II. Sam. i., 17-27.
Friday, Sept. 4.—I. Sam. xxix., 1-11.
Saturday, Sept. 5.—Job xv., 20-33.
Sunday, Sept. 6.—Prov. i., 20-33.

1. Now the Philistines fought against Israel: and the men of Israel fled from before the Philistines, and fell down slain in Mount Gilboa.
2. And the Philistines followed hard upon Saul and upon his sons; and the Philistines slew Jonathan, and Abinadab and Melchishua, Saul's sons.
3. And the battle went sore against Saul, and the archers hit him; and he was sore wounded of the archers.
4. Then said Saul unto his armor-bearer, Draw thy sword, and thrust me through therewith; lest these uncircumcised come and thrust me through, and abuse me. But his armor-bearer would not; for he was sore afraid. Therefore Saul took a sword, and fell upon it.
5. And when his armor-bearer saw that Saul was dead, he fell likewise upon his sword, and died with him.
6. So Saul died, and his three sons, and his armor-bearer, and all his men, that same day together.
7. And when the men of Israel that were on the other side of the valley, and they that were on the other side Jordan, saw that the men of Israel fled, and that Saul and his sons were dead, they forsook the cities, and fled; and the Philistines came and dwelt in them.
8. And it came to pass on the morrow, when the Philistines came to strip the slain, that they found Saul and his three sons fallen in Mount Gilboa.
9. And they cut off his head, and stripped off his armor, and sent into the land of the Philistines round about, to publish it in the house of their idols, and among the people.
10. And they put his armor in the house of Ashtaroth; and they fastened his body to the wall of Beth-shan.
11. And when the inhabitants of Jabesh-Gilead heard of that which the Philistines had done to Saul,
12. All the valiant men arose, and went all night, and took the body of Saul and the bodies of his sons from the wall of Beth-shan, and came to Jabesh, and burnt them there.
13. And they took their bones, and buried them under a tree at Jabesh, and fasted seven days.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

At last we come to the end of Saul's miserable career as King of Israel. He had disobeyed God, had lost the Spirit's presence, and had missed great opportunities. Now his career comes to its closing day.

Last week we found David again playing a magnanimous and high-minded part in again sparing Saul's life when he and Abishai visited the sleeping king in his camp. Saul again made a profuse confession of his own wrong doing, and promised not to harm him. But David was too sharp to be caught by any such promise, which Saul had already shown himself so capable of breaking.

Instead of dismissing his followers and returning to his place in the royal household, David took a bold step to put an end to Saul's attempts upon his life. With his six hundred men and their households he went into the country of the Philistines and attached himself to Achish, King of Gath, who gave him Ziklag as a city for himself and his men. So they remained in exile among the Philistines for sixteen months.

Whilst there David carried on campaigns against various enemies, but in the meantime the Philistines prepared for war with Israel. Achish took David with him, but the Philistine leaders were so suspicious of him that they insisted that David should be sent back to his place in the land of the Philistines. So David and his men started back to their city, but found that the Amalekites had destroyed it. In I. Samuel xxx. you will find an interesting account of the way David recovered the stolen people and property and of his justice to his men.

Samuel was dead and Saul had no prophet to seek for advice, now that he was to go against the Philistines again. So, in I. Samuel xxix., we read of how he broke one of the laws of his kingdom, which he himself had been enforcing in order to communicate with the departed prophet. The information the doomed king received was gloomy enough.

Saul's army was encamped at Mount Gilboa, while the Philistines pitched their camp at Shunem, a little to the north. This battlefield was south-west of the Sea of Galilee, and this region has been the scene of a number of great conflicts in ancient and modern times. The time of the battle is not exactly known.

OUTLINE.

1. The Battle Goes against Saul, 1-3.
2. Death of Saul, 4-6.
3. Israel Loses Territory, 7.
4. The Philistines Celebrate their Victory, 8-10.
5. Recovery of the King's Body, 11-13.

THE BATTLE GOES AGAINST SAUL, 1-3.

The day after Saul's visit to the witch of Endor, the battle with the Philistines took place. The first verse shows how the battle was to turn out. The Philistines were soon proving too much for the men of Israel and Mount Gilboa was stained with blood of Saul's men. They began to give way before their enemies so that the Philistines could press forward.

The second verse says that 'the Philistines followed hard upon Saul and upon his sons.' Three of them, including Jonathan, were in the battle with their father, and all three were slain. Perhaps, in view of the loss of his father, brothers, and the throne, and other disasters, it was best for Jonathan that he was taken while fighting nobly for his country.

'The battle went sore against Saul.' The Vulgate says, 'The whole weight of the battle was directed against Saul.' That is, the Philistines were determined to kill or capture the Hebrew King, and, as his army gave way, it left Saul and those immediately about him to bear the attack.

Soon the archers, or bowmen, of the enemy found him out and began to direct their arrows against the ill-fated king, It was not long until they penetrated the weak places in his armor, or struck exposed parts of his person, so that he was badly wounded.

DEATH OF SAUL, 4-6.

Saul was now in such a desperate strait that he must choose between death, probably by torture, at the hands of the enemy, or suicide. He decides to put himself out of the way.

How different from the royal young man we first met, who was hailed as Israel's first king, and who was given God's Spirit. But disobedience has brought him to the hour when, deserted, defeated, his sons slain, his kingdom taken away, and God departed from him, he begs his faithful armor-bearer to slay him.

But the armor-bearer was afraid to take the life of his king, so Saul sets the hilt of his sword upon the ground and falls upon the point, dying without honor in the very presence of his victorious enemies. The armor-bearer, perhaps because he feared to survive the battle that has cost the life of the king whom he was to protect or acting under an impulse, followed Saul's example and perished with his master.

ISRAEL LOSES TERRITORY, 7.

Israel not only lost a great battle, and her king, but also considerable territory. When the news spread through the valley of Jezreel and even beyond the Jordan, a panic seized the inhabitants and they fled, leaving their cities to the possession of the victorious Philistines.

Saul's disobedience not only brought punishment upon himself, but loss to his kingdom.

THE PHILISTINES CELEBRATE VICTORY, 8-10.

The day after the battle the Philistines, coming to strip the slain, found Saul and his three sons. Carrying out their barbaric notions of a victory they proceeded to dishonor the bodies. They cut off the king's head and sent it to the temple of Ashtaroth, at Beth-shan, not far from the battlefield. It seems probable, from the wording of verse 9, that the king's armor was sent about as a trophy of victory to various cities before being placed in this temple.

The bodies of Saul and his sons were hung upon the wall of the city of Beth-shan, where they might be objects of derision as well as further tokens of victory.

RECOVERY OF THE KING'S BODY, 11-13.

But their defeat had not taken all spirit and sense of honor from Israel.

Years before this, in the day of Saul's better deeds, he had delivered the people of Jabesh-gilead from the Ammonites. See I. Samuel xi. Now, as if in grateful remembrance, the valiant men of Jabesh-gilead came by an all night march, took the mutilated bodies from the wall of Beth-shan, and brought them to Jabesh, where the now decaying flesh was burned, after which the bones were gathered and buried. This was followed by a fast of seven days as an expression of public sorrow.

The story of Saul is full of suggestions of a spiritual character, and, in reviewing it, the teacher can profitably apply them. Next week we enter upon the study of David's reign, the lesson being 'David Becomes King,' II. Samuel ii., 1-10.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Sept. 6—Topic—The allied forces of righteousness. John xvii., 20-23; I. Cor. i., 10-13.

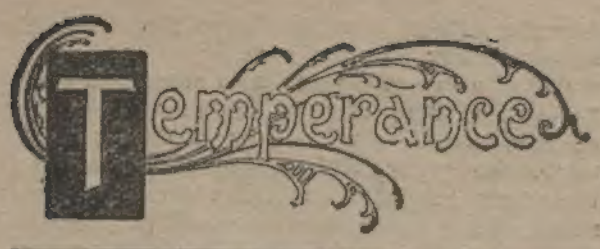
Junior C. E. Topic

MY FAVORITE BEATITUDE.

Monday, Aug. 31.—Not being offended. Matt. xi., 5.
Tuesday, Sept. 1.—Peter blessed. Matt. xvi., 17.
Wednesday, Sept. 2.—Blessed for seeing. Luke x., 23.
Thursday, Sept. 3.—Blessed for hearing. Luke xi., 28.
Friday, Sept. 4.—Blessed for almsgiving. Luke xiv., 14.
Saturday, Sept. 5.—Blessed for obeying. Rev. xxii., 14.
Sunday, Sept. 6.—Topic—Which one of the Beatitudes helps me most, and why? Matt. v., 1-12.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date theron is August, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.



A Fight Against Odds

(Kate Anderson, in the 'Union Signal.')

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

[The Kilgour family are engaged in a desperate struggle to save the idolized youngest son, Claude, from the curse of cigarette smoking and the evil life it has led him into. The death of his brother, Willie, seems to arouse his weakened manhood, and he is allowed to go to work in a shop, since he will not attend school. It is soon found that he is continuing his evil course of stealing, lying, gambling and using tobacco.]

CHAPTER X.

The most eminent counsel in the Dominion had been secured on behalf of the three offenders. No money had been spared, no stone had been left unturned which could result in their favor, and after the trial was over, every possible endeavor was made to commute the sentence or to have a new trial, especially in the case of Claude Kilgour. But every effort proved unavailing.

There are horrors too black to be revealed. There is anguish that may not be written.

If only it might be told that the mother fell into a swoon from which she never rallied, when the awful truth was irrevocably borne home! But no, death's angel came not to her deliverance, and her tortured senses refused to take flight.

If only the broken young sister had fallen into a delirium of illness which would have borne her unconscious through that fearful time! But her strength remained, while the chestnut gold of her beautiful tresses changed to silver about her girlish brow.

If only the heroic older brother could have done something for his loved ones which would have kept his longing hands and his great manly breaking heart employed!

Is there nothing, nothing left to tell which lifts the pall of despair? Surely 'God's in his heaven.'

Yes, two blessed things are to be remembered: A noble father was mercifully spared this fearful knowledge, as was also the sweet, sensitive, winsome-hearted brother, who of them all had been by nature most keenly endowed with the capacity for suffering.

But, better than these, was the letter from Claude himself, written ten days before his young life on earth ended. It was not a boy's letter, even a precocious boy's letter, but rather the uttering of a soul who has pierced the veil and caught a glimpse of the hidden meaning of the Plan Eternal.

'My Dearest Mother; My Loved Sister and Brother:

'Last night a wonderful thing came to me. You know how I have seemed these weeks to lose all power to think or feel or respond to anything. The chaplain had been reading and praying with me, as he and many others have never ceased to do, and I had wished in my dull way, as I so often have wished before, that it were in me to care enough to see how these things mattered and to take hold of a dying Saviour's promises.

'Everything seemed dark, and I could not even rouse myself enough to feel miserable over my lost condition, but I knelt down, as I always do, to say the Lord's prayer and some of the collects I had learned in Sunday-school. I always say, too, in a mechanical way, the prayer: "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner," but I can get up no feeling over it. I knelt a little while after I had said my prayers, trying to think of some petition to make for myself, but there came to me only the old prayer we used always to say after "Now I lay me": "God bless dear papa and mamma and dear brothers and sister and make me a good boy, and take care of me till morning."

'A great peace and comfort suddenly fell upon me, and when I lifted my head a beautiful vision seemed to rise in the dark before my eyes—that of an angel, but having Christ's face, like the picture in the New Testament part of our family Bible.

'I had a wonderful, blissful, indescribable feeling of his coming close, close to me and surrounding my whole being with his presence. Then the verse flashed through my mind, "He shall gather his lambs in his bosom."

'For a time I was too happy to do more than just keep on kneeling and feeling that beautiful joy and rest in my soul. Then suddenly words came to me. They did not seem words prompted by my own thoughts, but almost as if dictated by the beautiful presence. They appeared to become my own words and thoughts as I whispered them. They were: "Dear Lord, I have not cared about knowing thee, because it seemed that though I wanted to care, the power was denied me. But thou knowest how it is with me, and oh, stoop down and lift me up, in spite of myself, to where I can honestly seek thee, for I cannot find the way myself. Dear God, I am as sorry as it is in me to be, that I seem powerless to think and to act as thou wouldst have a penitent do, but oh, take me just as I am, and breathe into me the life and power to seek thee as thou shouldst be sought."

'Then, oh, my prayer was answered—fully, completely, at once! I have found him at last; or is it not, rather, that Christ has found me and taken me?

'I did not sleep all night, but lay awake while God talked to my soul, which at last was even more awake than this ruined, benumbed mind and body will ever be again.

'Now, I am going to try to write a few of the many things which have been revealed to me through this wonderful new light during these past blessed hours.

'First, I have not suffered from dread, nor, alas, from too keen remorse, even from the first. My dull, stoical mien has not been assumed, but can be, in part, accounted for by my faculties having been so completely benumbed by the poison which I have of late been using to such fearful excess. No one has denied me, since my imprisonment, all the cigarettes and tobacco I wished for, as I suppose they thought it was not worth while to torture my last days. It is needless to tell you that I have smoked my last cigarette. God has taken away the very thought of such things, as well as the necessity. Is not that a real miracle?

'Another thing is, I seem told that I am to be spared, even now, the fearful pangs of unavailing remorse for my past vileness and for the unspeakable woe and desolation which my guilty, wretched self has brought upon those who have loved me so well, which in all nature should deservedly make my last days on earth a very hell of torture. The gracious Saviour seems to have lifted that burden, in a measure, from my being—how or why I cannot tell. I only know that I feel a great peace and an inability to be touched to any keen torture.

'You may wonder at my apparent insensibility in assuring you that the guilty one suffers less torture than the innocent. Since feeling and understanding my Saviour's love and pity for me, the vilest of his children, the nature of my beloved mother's love has come to me, and God has bidden me write thus.

'I realize that, in spite of all, incredible and utterly undeserved as it may be, the greatest measure of your suffering is for me, not for yourselves. I know that the very greatest comfort I can give is the absolutely truthful fact that I am now lifted up beyond all power of suffering; that I am happy, blissfully happy, in my Saviour's love and forgiveness. I see God's hand in this punishment. It has brought me to himself.

'O Mother! if you will but think of the other mothers' boys to be redeemed, God will grant you a measure of reconciliation.

'Ralph; dear, noble Ralph will accomplish, with God's help, the saving of many, many poor boys, because of me. Oh, take comfort in that, all of you!

'Alice is going to take care of mamma till she comes to me—for God whispers to me that I will not have very long to wait. Then my darling sister will find happiness in helping Ralph about those other boys, for the sake of the brother she loved and who loved her.

'I have written this for you to keep, for perhaps I could not say it all well enough for you to understand and remember.

Claude.'

It was all beautifully real and true this letter, as they could see who were daily with the boy. Somehow it was impossible to be in Claude's presence without forgetting all else save that they had at last found the winsome boy, the pet and darling of their hearts and household—never to be lost from them again through all the eternal years. This was the supreme reality that lifted their hearts above lesser things. Claude's mother's face became wonderfully calm; there was a sweet and spiritual light in the brown eyes, and it seemed almost as if the anguished lines had disappeared from the piteous, drawn features. Seeing this, Ralph and Alice were cheered and encouraged to lay hold of this greatest earthly comfort left to them. They were aroused a little to a sense of the beautiful and unmeasured sustenance and sympathy shown to the stricken family, not only by the loving and devoted old friends and neighbors who had journeyed to them, but from the interest evinced by the whole country, which seemed to share their sorrow. There were few dry-eyed mothers of boys throughout all the land those days.

THE END.

For Christian Endeavor Temperance Committees.

(The 'Christian Endeavor World.')

Nailing Whiskey Lies.—One of the most helpful services that a temperance committee can render is to keep track of the false statements made by the daily press concerning temperance reforms, and publish the refutation of them in the meeting and otherwise. A lie travels fast, and often such statements as were made about Professor Atwater's experiments with alcohol as a food, or the misrepresentations about the amount of liquor sold in Prohibition States, gain wide credence and do a great deal of harm. How many temperance committees noticed and used the absolute denial of Professor Atwater's conclusions, by the American Medical Society, published in this paper? Keep track of such things. Help the truth to overtake the lie.

A trade which flourishes upon the ruin of its supporters; which derives its revenues from the plunder of homes, from the defrauding of helpless childhood and from the degradation of manhood; which requires for its prosperity the injury of the community; which ministers to every vile and vicious passion and propensity; which makes drunkards and thieves and embezzlers and gamblers and wife-beaters and murderers; which brutalizes and degrades all who are brought in contact with it; cannot claim the respect and assuredly ought not to be able to claim the encouragement of the community.—'New York Tribune.'

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Correspondence

Dear Boys and Girls,—Hurrah for September and school. I think I hear many of you singing as the time draws near for meeting your friends and teachers, and starting into school-work once more. You have another chance of proving yourselves earnest little men and women, wise little peace-makers, and sunshiny boys and girls. Here is a promise from heaven for you to think of and to say over and over to yourselves when you feel like saying, 'I don't care, I can't' about some of your duties: 'I will help thee.'

Here is another statement which if you parse you will put in the indicative mood, 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.' If you, through prayer, keep in the spirit of love you will find it much easier to be good, to 'fear God and work hard' for 'Love in loving finds employ, in obedience all her joy.'

Wishing you all a good year, and plenty of fun,

YOUR LOVING EDITOR.

(There will be another list of successful Tinies next week.—Ed.)

Dodger's Cove, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I am an Indian boy. I live at Dodger's Cove, on the west coast of Vancouver Island. I go to school, and I am learning to read and write. My teacher takes the 'Messenger,' and asked me to write you a letter. There are twenty-seven children of school age in our village. I am eleven years old. I sometimes trap and fish. I am in the second reader. I am reading at Lesson XXXI. I caught twelve minks this last winter.

JACKSON J.

Franklin, Ont.

Dear Editor,—The 'Northern Messenger' has been coming to our house as long as I can remember. We get it at Franklin Union Sunday-school, and I think it a splendid and interesting paper. My sister is secretary-treasurer and my uncle is superintendent of this Sunday-school. I think a Sunday-school is a grand thing for the country. It seems to do so much for the young people and children in the way of helping them to study the Bible and to obey it. We go to the Reaboro Baptist Sunday-school, where we also get the 'Messenger.' I go to Omemee High School, and am in the second form. I am taking up second class work, and think I will try for my second-class certificate next year. If I pass I intend to go to the Model School, and afterwards to be a school teacher. I have a sister married who has two little girls, Alta and Zetta. They are great company for her. They are just learning to talk, and it is fun to listen to them. My sister sent two temperance pledges, each bearing twenty signers, to the 'Messenger.' I took one, and got it filled for her.

RUTH V. (age 15).

Arnprior, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I love to read all the letters in the 'Messenger.' I am nine years old. I live in the town of Arnprior, which is a very pretty place. It is built on the banks of the Ottawa and Madawaska Rivers. The population is about four thousand. There are large saw mills here. I go to school, and I was in the seventh department; but at the last examination I was promoted to the fifth department. I like to go to school. I have two brothers and one sister, all younger than myself. I have a fine dog; he is a great Dane, and he is cross to strangers, but very kind to us. We have thirteen colonies of bees, and we are extracting honey now. I like to turn the extractor and see the honey fly out of the combs. I have twenty young ducks and two old ones.

GRIERSON S.

Boothville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I take much pleasure in reading other little girls' letters, so I just thought I would write myself. I live on a farm, and like it very much. I am twelve years old, and I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss M. G. We are intending to build a new school next summer. We have two pets, a cat named Tabby, and a dog named Sailor. I have five sisters and eight brothers; two of them are out West in Assiniboia. Last summer I went up to my aunt's at Walters Falls; I stayed for three months. They have a little pup named Jip. We used to wash it every day in the creek which runs close by the barn. They have a larger dog named Nero, and he can play many tricks. I have signed the temperance pledge.

EMILY W.

Barrie, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in Barrie, and it is a very pretty place here in the summer, but very cold in the winter. I have two brothers and two sisters, and am a twin. I am nine years of age. I am going to Sunday-school, and we take the 'Messenger.' Our school is opposite our church. I have not very far to go to school. I am in the junior third class at school. I signed the temperance pledge of the 'Messenger' some months ago.

ANNIE C.

Cashion's Glen, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and enjoy reading it very much. I go to school every day, and I am in the third book. I do not go to Sunday-school, because it is too far; but mamma teaches me all she knows, and leaves the rest to God. I have two pet kittens, but one is cross, and I call it Cranky, and the other one Spottie. They are full of fun. I have no sisters or brothers living, and my two grandmothers and grandpas are dead.

L. M. E. (age 10).

Harcourt Station, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much. I live on a farm, a short distance from the railway. I go to school every day, and am in grade four. I had great fun skating last winter. For pets I have a dog named Rosco and a kitten called Beauty. I had a fine time Christmas, and got a number of presents, among them a stereoscope and views. I always go to my grandma's in the summer holidays. I am eight years old. My birthday is on the first of December. I hope to see this letter in the 'Messenger.'

MORTON McM.

Island Brook, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have just begun taking the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I am seven years of age. I have been to school this year for the first time. Last fall my papa caught forty-eight foxes and one coon. I go to church and Sunday-school. I am trying to get the prize for regular attendance. The next time that I write I hope to be able to write to you with pen and ink.

CLIFFORD L. F.

Basswood, Man.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time that I have written to the 'Messenger.' My eldest sister takes it, and I like reading the correspondence; I have four brothers and two sisters. My birthday is on April 22. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss G., and I like her very much. At the day school I am in the third class. I live three miles from the village of Basswood. It is situated on the Canadian Pacific Railway. There are two stores, a blacksmith's shop and a Presbyterian church in the village. I have read some books, such as 'The Man of the House' and 'Little Women.' We have a library in our school, and in our church. I like to read the books very much.

REBY P.

Buckingham, Que.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' ever since I can remember, and my sister says it is the nicest paper that comes to our home. I am reading that serial story in the 'Witness,' and I like it pretty well; but I think Colonel de Haldimar did not do right when he had Frank Halloway shot. I do not belong to any societies connected with the church, as we live too far away from the town to attend them regularly. My eldest brother was married last year, and we all like our 'new sister' very much. I am fourteen years of age.

HILDA F.

Grimston, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter I ever wrote to the 'Messenger,' but as I cannot go to school and am at a loss what to do, I thought I would write. I go to school every day when I am able, and am in the third reader. Our teacher's name is Miss S., and we all like her very much. I have two brothers and four sisters; my oldest brother is sixteen and my youngest one is six years old. I have a brother and a sister older than I, and a brother and three sisters that are younger. My papa works in a mill, not very far from home, so we go to meet him every Saturday night. We had a big storm here, and we did not get to school for nearly a week.

GERTRUDE T. (age 11).

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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The following are the contents of the issue of August 15, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

King and Queen in Ireland. Loyal Friendliness and Good Will—The 'Daily Telegraph,' the Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Great Inquest, II.—Simple Protection—By A. C. Pigou, in the 'Pilot,' London.
The Petition of the Tallow and Wax Chandlers against the Competition of the Sun—The 'Westminster Budget.'
Richard Cobden the Man—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
Professor Ashley's Lectures—The 'Westminster Budget.'
At Bisley Camp—A Specimen Day—J.R.A., in the Manchester 'Guardian.'
A Nation of 'Hustlers.'—J. A. H., in the 'Speaker,' London.
The Public Control of the Liquor Traffic—The 'Speaker,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

James McNeill Whistler—Poem, by Nora Chesson, in the 'Westminster Budget.'
Whistler's Art—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
A Characteristic Letter from Whistler—The 'Morning Post,' London.
Whistler in France—Paris Correspondence of the New York 'Evening Post.'
Mr. Whistler's Epigrams—The 'Spectator,' London.
The Handicrafts—By A. S. Galbraith, in 'Macmillan's Magazine.' Abridged.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

'The Reaper'—Translated from Koltsov's poem, by Mrs. Rosa Newmarch.
To Robert Louis Stevenson—Poem, by Richard Burton.
A New Book on R. L. Stevenson—The 'Pilot,' London.
In Memoriam. Pope Leo the Thirteenth.—O. S., in 'Punch,' London.
The Ruling Passion—The 'Academy and Literature,' London.
Thackeray—By Frederic Harrison, in the 'Speaker,' London.
Books Too Little Known—Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's Tales, by Edward Garnett, in the 'Academy and Literature,' London.
Lord Dufferin—The 'Spectator,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Leprosy and Fish Eating—By Andrew Lang, in the 'Morning Post,' London.
The Wonderful Star—An Astronomical Speculation—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Newton and Fahrenheit—The 'Scientific American.'

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HOUSEHOLD.

Egg Preservation.

A consular report states that 400 fresh hen eggs were recently, in Germany, subjected to the action of different substances for a period of eight months. At the expiration of that time it was found that the eggs which had been put into salt brine were all spoiled; that those which were wrapped in paper were 80 percent bad, and that a like percentage of those which had been immersed in a mixture of glycerine and salicylic acid was unfit for use. Of the eggs which had been rubbed with salt or embedded in bran, or coated with paraffin, 70 percent were spoiled; of those subjected to a coat of liquid glass, collodion or varnish, 40 percent, and of those which had been placed in wood ashes or had been painted with a mixture of liquid glass and boracic acid, or a solution of permanganate of potash only 20 percent were bad. Almost all the eggs that had been coated with vaseline, or had been placed in lime-water, or in a solution of liquid glass, were in good condition.

Useful Hints.

Windows may be polished by rubbing the glass with a sponge dipped in alcohol.

Grease stains on wall paper can be removed by the application of pipe clay. Mix with water to the consistency of cream, lay on the spot and allow to remain twenty-four hours. It is easily removed with a knife blade or brush.

A useful washing fluid is made by boiling together half a pound of slaked lime and a pound of soda in six quarts of water for two hours. Let it settle and then pour off the clear liquid for use.—'M. C. Advocate.'

A quick polish for furniture, both non-injurious and readily applied, is composed of two parts olive oil to one of vinegar. Apply with a soft cloth, rubbing briskly.

A red-hot iron will soften old putty so that it can be easily removed.

Iron pillowslips lengthwise, instead of crosswise, if you wish to iron the wrinkles out instead of in.

Mix ammonia and whiting and form into balls the size of an egg and you have an excellent silver cleaner. It can be made in a few minutes and the cost per ball does not exceed two cents.

A German dressing for a lettuce salad is made of sour cream. A cup of sour cream is beaten with a whisk, a tablespoonful of sugar dusted in during the process, and a little vinegar, not more than a teaspoonful. This makes a foamy and delicate dressing that may be generously poured over a plate of lettuce.

To remove spots or stains of red iron rust, cover the spots with salt, moisten with lemon juice, let stand a time, adding more salt and lemon. If not successful with these, use for fast colors muriatic acid. Spread the cloth over a large bowl of hot water, touch the dry spots with a drop or two of the acid. When the rust disappears, rinse several times in clear water, and then in water in which there is a little ammonia.

The best granite ware or other metal coffee pot will acquire a rank flavor if it is not occasionally purified with borax, ammonia or some other cleansing agent.

When making bread in cold weather first warm the bread pan, the flour and the kneading board.

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